

I Know Not

-by Brian Edwards

These voices

Never sleep

But rise from the depths

Of imagined silence

Spilling out

Into our world

Other worlds

When some of us

Become entangled

When the moon

Seems so familiar

And we see the stars

That we will never fully count

Our placid islands

Seem to fade away

And the hours

Take us further into night

Drifting away

Drifting away

Any bit of serenity

Lingering of the day

Time unfrozen

Yet rigid as stone

Alone would I

More gladly be

Though I am not alone

The voices

Are all around me

The voices

That in their intrusion

Violate.....

The very mind and soul

And I know nothing

Of this phenomenon

I know nothing

Of the origins

Of these voices

Stealing sanity

From the dark depths

Or wastelands of ice

I know not

I know not

-August 8, 2018